



# WHEN DARKNESS BOWED

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# When Darkness Bowed

## Part I The Carpenters Stand

Down from the pit where echoes breathe, I heard a whisper that wasn't a whisper at all — a melody from eternity cutting through the smoke of time.

And the shadows trembled.

For the Word had stepped once more into the chambers of the world's dominion.

Out of that abyss rose the voice of Power — the great System that binds the earth.

It wore the face of beauty and the sound of reason, yet beneath its tone was the hiss of slavery.

"Carpenter," it said, "I know you. Your hands build what I cannot. Your words create what I only counterfeit.

But I am the breath of every throne, the pulse behind every empire, the unseen conductor of man's ambition.

I rule not by force but by desire.

The children of Adam are mine — willingly. They do not see their chains, for I have gilded them with dreams."

The Carpenter stood silent, His gaze steady as eternity.

"World," He said, "you are an empire built on dust. You promise glory yet breed despair. You speak of freedom while multiplying prisons."

The World smiled — a cold, knowing smile.

"Yet they follow me, Carpenter. They love my glow. They chase my applause. You offer a cross; I offer crowns. And even your own will bow to my rhythm before the day is done."

A wind tore through the darkness. The light did not flicker, but the shadows grew restless — for another presence was near.

The Deceiver himself stepped forward — that ancient mocker of heaven, clothed in majesty that had long since rotted.

“Son of God,” he sneered, “I have come to see the end. The system bows to me. The hearts of men belong to me. You will die, and I will reign.”

But the Carpenter lifted His head and spoke words that made creation hold its breath:

“You still cannot call Me by My name.”

The Deceiver’s eyes narrowed.

“What name?”

“Son of Man.”

The words struck like thunder. For it was not God’s distance that would destroy darkness, but His nearness — His willingness to wear flesh and walk the broken road of humanity.

“This creation,” said the Carpenter, “belongs to man, redeemed through Me. What was lost in the first Adam will be won in the last. Not by power, but by blood. Not by force, but by love.”

The Deceiver staggered back. The light began to rise, not from the heavens but from the Carpenter Himself — from scars that glowed like fire.

Then came silence. The kind that splits eternity in two.

And in that silence, the kingdom of the world began to crumble.

For the Son of Man had spoken.

## **Part II: The Battlefield Within**

The world outside fell silent,

but within, the war continued.

For the same darkness that once stood before the Carpenter

now whispers in every heart He came to redeem.

The voice of the System still speaks—

soft, persuasive, logical,

a lullaby sung in the key of comfort:

“You don’t need the cross.  
Just belong, just perform, just prove.  
Be admired, be accepted, be enough.  
The world will applaud you.  
Only don’t be different.  
Don’t be holy.  
Don’t be His.”

And so, the children of Adam build kingdoms of self—

pyramids of status, towers of success,

palaces of pleasure that echo with emptiness.

They call it freedom.

But every pursuit for approval becomes a new chain,

and every idol erected requires another piece of the soul.

Yet, in the quiet,

beneath the noise of a thousand ambitions,

a different Voice still speaks.

The Carpenter has not left the battlefield.

He walks within the ruins of the human heart,

touching the walls we’ve built,

weeping where we hide,

calling softly—

“I am still here.  
You need not chase what I have already given.  
Come out of the shadows, beloved one.  
Let Me show you who you were before the lie.”

And suddenly, the soul sees:

the battle was never just about sin or temptation—

it was about belonging.

It was about who would define us:

the world that enslaves,

or the Christ who sets free.

The System promises identity through performance,

but the Carpenter offers identity through presence.

The System says, earn your worth.

The Carpenter says, receive your worth.

The System says, prove yourself.

The Carpenter says, be still and know you are Mine.

And in that sacred stillness,

chains begin to rust,

masks begin to fall,

and light begins to enter the rooms long closed.

For when the Son of Man takes residence within a heart,

He does not merely forgive—He rebuilds.

He does not merely cleanse—He reclaims.

He does not merely conquer—He communes.

And the soul, once ruled by the System,

becomes a sanctuary for the King.

### **Part III: The Rising of the Redeemed**

There is a moment after surrender when silence turns to song—

when the heart once chained now hears the rhythm of freedom.

The Carpenter, who once stood against the powers of darkness,  
now stands within His sons and daughters.

And where He dwells, the dominion of the world begins to fracture.

The System still speaks, yes,  
but the redeemed no longer tremble.

For a greater Voice now rises from within them—  
not born of fear,  
but forged in mercy.

The world whispers:

“You can’t change. You’ll fall again. You’re too far gone.”

But the Carpenter answers through His redeemed:

“I already fell... and I rose.  
And I live in you.”

Once, the enemy sought to enslave through shame,  
but shame has lost its grip where grace has taken root.

Once, the Deceiver sought to rule through fear,  
but fear has been silenced where perfect love reigns.

Now, the redeemed stand not as victims of sin,  
but as vessels of victory.

They carry not only the cross that saved them,  
but the authority of the One who conquered the grave.

Every wound becomes a weapon.

Every scar becomes a sermon.

Every story of bondage becomes a song of freedom.

For the Carpenter does not dwell in temples of stone,  
but in living temples—hearts once shattered,  
now rebuilt with eternal hands.

And through them, His light pierces every system,  
every false power,  
every dark dominion that claims the souls of men.

The redeemed rise as quiet revolutions—  
not to overthrow by force,  
but to overcome by love.

They enter boardrooms and prisons,  
churches and alleyways,  
classrooms and homes—  
carrying the same Spirit that raised Christ from the dead.

They are the new species of man—  
those reborn not of the world,  
but of the Spirit.

They are not seduced by applause nor defined by rejection,  
for they live from a Kingdom unseen,  
and their anthem is not success but surrender.

And the Carpenter smiles.

For the dream that once seemed to die on a hill  
has now come alive in millions.

This is the resurrection no empire can silence.

The light of the world now burns in human hearts.

And hell itself trembles—

for the Son of Man walks the earth again,

through the hands, the feet, and the love

of those who bear His name.

## **Part IV: The Kingdom Within the Chaos**

The world still burns with noise—

nations rise, markets fall,

people chase illusions wrapped in light.

But amid the static and smoke,

a quiet revolution walks the earth.

The redeemed have learned the secret:

The Kingdom is not postponed for eternity;

it is present in the ordinary.

It is hidden in the unnoticed,

and it thrives in the surrendered.

They no longer wait for the world to change—they are the change,

because the King reigns within them.

Everywhere their feet touch becomes holy ground.

Every act of mercy, every moment of truth,

every refusal to bow to fear is rebellion against the empire of darkness.

They carry peace where anxiety rules.



They offer forgiveness where bitterness reigns.

They speak truth where deception thrives.

And though the world may mock their meekness,

they know meekness is not weakness—it is strength harnessed by love.

For they serve a Kingdom that cannot be shaken,

a power not measured by wealth or armies,

but by hearts yielded to the will of the Carpenter.

The System still tempts them:

“Buy your worth.”

“Defend your image.”

“Secure your future.”

But the redeemed smile,

for they have found a better treasure,

a greater security,

a future already written in blood.

They no longer live to be seen,

but to reveal.

No longer fight for victory,

but from victory.

Their eyes are fixed not on what fades,

but on what cannot die.

Even in chaos, they walk in calm.

Even in suffering, they walk in purpose.

Even when the world trembles,

their hearts remain anchored to the unshakable Rock.

And as they live this quiet defiance—

forgiving, serving, loving, healing—

the Carpenter's Kingdom spreads not by decree, but by presence.

Not by power, but by purity.

Not through fame, but through faithfulness.

For the Kingdom of God is not built with noise, but revealed through nearness.

It grows in kitchens and prisons,

in tears and laughter,

in the prayers whispered when no one else is listening.

And when the darkness rages loudest,

the light within them shines fiercest.

For the Kingdom within cannot be conquered by the chaos without.

And so they keep walking—

the Redeemed, the Restored, the Reborn.

They carry the Carpenter's fire into every shadowed place.

They are the continuation of His story— the living proof that love outlasts every empire.

And though the world shakes,

the Kingdom stands.

For within every heart that bows to Christ,

heaven itself has found a home.

## **Part V: The Eternal Kingdom**

The final trumpet sounds—not as a warning, but as an unveiling.

Mountains bow, oceans hush, and stars lean close to hear.

Every tear is wiped; every cry answered.

Every injustice confronted; every betrayal restored.

The Carpenter's hands, scarred yet eternal,  
lay gentle over creation.

Here, the Kingdom is no longer hidden.

No longer whispered in kitchens, prison cells, or quiet prayers.

It stands unveiled, radiant, unstoppable.

Rivers sing with clarity; skies blaze with unbroken light.

Forests, deserts, and cities alike recognize the voice of their Maker.

The redeemed, once scattered, now gather.

Not as broken fragments,  
but as living stones in a vast, eternal Temple.

Every act of mercy, every whispered truth,  
every sacrifice of love offered in the chaos—has been carried forward,  
transformed into the architecture of eternity.

The world system, once loud and domineering,  
crumbles like sand before a tide.

Its towers of greed, fear, and deception fall  
without a hand raised in violence.

The kingdoms of man are revealed for what they always were:  
mirages in the light of an unshakable Throne.

Here, the Carpenter walks among His people.

His eyes, full of mercy and knowing, meet every gaze.

And every heart responds not with fear,

but with awe, joy, and perfect peace.

The redeemed no longer fight for victory—they have it.

No longer hope in promise—they see it fulfilled.

No longer pray for change—they live in the eternal now.

Creation itself bows:

the mountains hum, the oceans dance, the wind carries an anthem of praise.

Even the smallest sparrow and the tiniest blade of grass testify to the triumph of love.

And the final truth stands: the Kingdom was never about conquest,

never about power, never about dominion in the world's sense.

It was always about presence,

always about hearts surrendered,

always about love unbroken.

The chaos that once raged now whispers lessons

of endurance, faithfulness, and grace.

The light shines brightest not in the absence of darkness,

but because it passed through it.

And in the center of it all—

the Carpenter reigns, hands open,

welcoming every soul who walked the path of quiet defiance,

every heart that refused the false treasures, every life surrendered to love.

For at last, heaven is not just within—it is around..

The Eternal Kingdom is visible, palpable, undeniable.

Time bows; creation exults.

All that was broken is healed. All that was lost is found.

All that was hidden is revealed. And in that radiant, unending day,

the redeemed lift their eyes and hearts and voices, and join the eternal chorus:

“Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.”

The Kingdom is eternal. The chaos is vanquished.

Love reigns forevermore. Amen Amen